

Coming Home

Amebix

I just buried a friend
He had come to the end
But I can't help feeling that it needn't have been
Caught in the flak
There was no turning back
So he gave up his life for some psychopath's dream

So we're leaving the front
Having taken the brunt
Now we're tired of the slaughter in some foreign land
So the leaders of the war
They fight alone on the shore
Our mutiny over they are left on the sand

We stand as one
We are an army now of many thousand strong
They stand alone
To fight for ravaged land to gain their worthless throne

The boys are coming home

I see within my mind
A vast and lonely plain
Great armies meet in no man's land
To clench their hands in friendship
For the first time
The dark tide is ebbing
A mass of tired humanity drifting toward the dawn

We are coming home